FROM WASHINGTON.

Professor Anderson, the h. w Commissioner on Coinage, had an interview with Sec. Cobb to-day, and will soon leave for England. He is a structed under no circumstances to yield the decimal praciple.

Commodore Thomas Ap-Catesby Jone, is reported dangerously ill at his residence in Virginia.

The aurplus in the Treasury was reduced nearly half a million of dollars last week.

Henry C. Stroman of Papprolars in the Stroman of Papprolars in the Treasury was reduced nearly half a million of dollars last week. FROM WASHINGTON.

a million of dollars last week.

Henry C. Stroman of Pennsylvania has been appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury a first class (\$1,200) clerk in the office of the Commissioners of Customs, vice Joseph Dowdell, resigned.

In Naval Court No. 1 the case of Lieut. F. A. Parter.

ker, jr, is still on. Surgeon Fox, Professor Chauvenet, Purser A. E. Watson and Commander Stellwagen gave in their testimony in behalf of Lieut. Parker. The second Court progresses with the case of Lieut. Henry Walker. Commander Smith's testi-mony was being taken, and the Court had under consideration with closed doors some points of his evidence. The third Court suspended proceedings in expectation of the arrival of Surgeon Wm. Grier, who is deemed by Capt. Latimer an important witness in

ivate advices to the 10th inst. have been received Private advices to the 10th inst. have been received in this city from a gentleman of the party that was to proceed from Independence, Missouri, saying that he expected to be one of the sconting party of Mr. Laucor, who proposed to leave at once, to carry out the chiects of the expedition.

The Department of the Interior has received nothing efficie upon the subject.

pon the subject ing efficial upon the subject.

The War Department has issued orders to the army directing that when officers of the army arrive at the seat of Government they will report at the office of the Acjutant and record their names; and during their sejourn in the city will wear either the undress costume pre-cribed in paragraph 1,574 of the general regulations, or the military frock coat with or without the at their ordion, and that the inspection of epaulettes, at their option; and that the inspection litary supplies, reported as unserviceable, paragraph 1,927 of the general regulation army, will, unless otherwise ordered, he made by the commanding officers of poets. Fort Cascades, Washington Territory, is announced as a double ration poet, and will be considered as such from the date of its oc-

THE METPOPOLITAN POLICE CASE.

cupation.

ALBANY, Saturday, June 20. The Court of Appeals have announced that no case will be taken up to-night, or till after the conclusion of the one sow on argument, and that at the rising of the Court it will adjourn till 11 o'clock on Monday.

TREMENDOUS HAIL STORM.

WASHINGTON, June 21, 1857. A terrific thunder storm, at about 3 o'clock this afternoon, passed over this city, and for ten or fifteen minutes hall stones of an enormous size fell. Some of the stones weighed from five to six ounces. There was an immense destruction of skylights, windows of churches, public and private buildings and Government conservatories. Several private galleries of art were seriously damaged, trees were half stripped of their foliage, and grain, vegetables and shrubbery were beaten to the earth. There are some cases of horses and cows which were severely cut. The storm extended twelve miles in breadth, and its course was from the southwest to the northeast. No reports have been received from the plantations in this vicinity, but the crops are undoubtedly greatly injured, if not entirely ruined.

THE GREAT NATIONAL TRIAL OF REAPERS
AND MOWERS.
BOSTON, Saturday, June 20, 1857.
The 13th of July has been appointed by the President of the United States Agricultural Society for the national trial of reapers and mowers, at Syracuse, New-York. Seventy machines have already entered for compactition. Louisville, Friday, June 19, 1857.

The trial of agricultural implements for the prizes of the National Agricultural Society will take place at Syracuse, New-York, on the 13th of July.

THE MISSION TO RUSSIA DECLINED. The Hon. F. W. Pickens of South Carolina has pos-itively declined the mission to Russia. He will probably be returned to the United States Senate, vice Mr.

QUEBEC, Saturday, June 20, 1857.

The Govertor-General of Canada and suits left for England this morning by the steamship North America. THE GOVERNOR ON A VISIT TO ENGLAND.

COMMODORE JONES, U. S. N.
Washington, Saturday, June 20, 1857.
Commodore Thomas Ap Catesby Jones, U. S. N., is
tying dangerously ill of an affection of the heart. His
tiffe is despaired of.

THE ADVANCE WAGES TO SEAMEN.

Boston, Saturday, June 20, 1857.
The Committee of merchants and ship-owners appointed at a recent meeting to consider the subject, reported in favor of abolishing advance wages to sea-men; the rule to be meditedly carried into effect on July 1, and fully on the 1st of January ensuing.

THE INTEREST ON THE OHIO STATE DEBT. COLUMBUS, Ohio, Saturday, June 20, 1857.

The Treasurer of the State has announced that the July interest on the State debt of Ohio will be paid.

· EXECUTION OF MURDERERS. John Lapoint, for the murder of Robert Wheaton; Israel Shoultz, for shooting John Inham, and Jacob Woeslin, for killing his wife, were executed in the jail yard in this city yesterday, and at Edwardsville, Blinois, Geo. W. Sharpe and John Johnson were hung for the murder of Barth.

SAILING OF THE KHERSONESE FOR PORT-HALIFAX, Saturday, June 20, 1857.
The steamship Khersonese sailed from here at H o clock this morning for Portlend. It has been raining heavily throughout the Province to-day.

LOREIGN TRADE OF BOSTON. | BOSTON, Saturday, June 20, 1857. | BOSTON, Saturday, June 20, 1857. | The Imports of foreign goods at the port of Boston for the week ending June 19, were as follows: | Dry Goods | \$27,557 | Linseed. | 22,659 | Sugar. | 24,766 | Copper ore. | 30,494 | Mohasses | 34,571 | Other articles | 194,592 | Mides. | \$32,556 | Hides. | \$58,735 |

didates for Congress in the different districts in this

I. Nath I G. Taylor. (W. H. Maxwell,
I. Nath I G. Taylor. (W. H. Maxwell,
II. Heuzee Maynard. W. W. Wallace.
III. Wm. Heiskell. S. A. Smith.
IV. J. G. Pickett. J. II. Savage.
V. Charles Ready. J. C. Guild.
IV. None running]. G. W. Jones.
VII. None running]. J. V. Wright.
VIII. Felix K. Zoihcoffer. (None running.)
IX. Euerson Etheridge. J. C. D. Atkins.
X. W. H. Stephens. W. T. Avery.
Messers. Ready, Zollicoffer and Etheridge (Americans). and Smith, Savage, Jones and Wright, Damericans).

leans), and Smith, Savage, Jones and Wright Democrats), were Members of the last House; Mr. Taylor) of the preceding.

LAKE SUPERIOR .- The steamer Lady Elgin arrived at Chicago on the 16th inst. from Superior, which port she left on the 12th. This is her second trip to the copper regions the present season. She met with much impediment from ice. At Grand Island the ice extended from shore to shore, but after a delay of two days she managed to force her way through the pack Marquette was still closed, and there was a field of ice of twenty or thirty feet thick on Lake Superior, large enough to cover Lake Erie. Any one desirons of ex periencing the rigors of the Arctic regions can do so with little trouble if they take an early start to the North west by why of Lake Superior. The captain of the Lady E gin reports matters in Superior as exceedingle lively. Improvements were going forward as rapidly as men and materials could be procured. Real estate charged hands freely, and prices increased with MR. BYLES AT NIAGARA AND ON

Frem Our Occasional Boston Correspondent

CATARACT HOUSE, June 16, 1857. A rainy day at Ningara! I had not supposed it possible. What's the use of it? Isn't there water enough in that, thundering Cataract to satisfy its thirst! A little in the night time now and then, just to lay the dust for the next day, is all that I can conceive to be necessary. However it may be in the eternal fitness of things, here it is, a regular, pouring, pitiless rain. "Too much of water" have I. like the poor Ophelia; and yet my chief provocation is that it keeps me from having more. It is worse than a rainy Sunday in a country inn, like that once unders one by Mr. Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.: for in that coun try town there was nothing to see, whereas in this there is what one can see no where else, nor anything like it. However, honest Corporal Nym's philosoph, v is the best after all: "Things "must be as they may," and so I will see whether by bestowing my tedn usness upon you and a million or two of your readers. I may not comminute it so nfinitesimally that my own present share may be hardly appreciable.

n point of fact, I have not much reason to complain. For I have had three as fine days as the heart of men could desire, which I have used to the best advantage. I entirely agree with Parson Adams and your excellent correspondent "G." as to "the superiority of the pedestrious over the ve-'hicular expeditation," at such places as this. I never had so thorough an enjoyment of the scene and the scenery or any former visit as on this one. And this because I made myself a hissing and a repreach to the whole race of backney-coachmen. whose contempt, disgust and execration I became. because I chose to make my excursions with only "the tandem nature gave me." But I was con-soled for the ignominy I endured by the advantages of this method of locomotion. One knows nothing of the beauties of the banks of the river, above and below the Falls, and on both sides, if they are seen only from the seat of a barouche. The series of pictures on the British side, made up of the Falls in the distance, combined with the precipitous and beautifully-wooded banks, sometimes taking in the whole and at others one portion or another, but always with the green rushing of the arrowy river, flecked with foam, far below, can only be fitly seen by choosing the exact point of view at one's leisure

I had a charming walk the other morning, up the river, keeping along the bank, instead of diverging into the road that climbs the hight, and which is usually taken. Truth compels me to say that the walking could not be accurately described as good; what was not middy was stony—and stony with stones of preternatural roughness and angularity Still I kept on, to the infinite disgust of my French boots (in one of which I cut a great hole, which still gapes reproachfully at me), and I had my re ward. Though but a little way above the Horse ward. Though but a little way above the Horse-shoe Fall, the smoke of which ascends forever and ever, I seemed to be as far removed from the intrusions of tourists and the impertinences of coachmen and guides as if there were none such within hundred miles. In the current cut off from the main stream by a pretty little wooded island, ducks and geese convoyed their broods across the swift channel struggling against its speed, or rode quietly at anchor in its nooks and bays after they had conquered the passage. Cows grazed, or lay lazily chewing the cud, as if there were nothing extraordinary hard by. They did not seem to understand the thing much better than the tourists I had left the thing much better than the tourists I had left just before on Table Rock chewing the quid, squirting tobacco-juice and giving and taking lights (of cigars); but they were the cleanlier and pleasanter animals to consort with of the two. At certain points along the shore, by placing yourself close to it, the effect of the Rapids was singularly fine. It seemed as if the windows of Heaven had been opened and the waters were rushing and tumbling down upon earth with a fresh cataclysmatic design

I trust I am not getting toward the period of life, or at least that I have not the turn of mind, which made the old Don in Gil Blas maintain that the made the old Don in Gil Biss maintain that the peaches had degenerated since he was young. It latter myself I rather belong to the category of that other Castilian (I think it was). Southey tells of, who used to put on his spectacles when he ate cherries that they might seem the larger and fairer. But, I must mention it to you in confidence, the Falls are a little the worse for wear, even since I knew them. Like some of the rest of us, they are not as well looking as they were five-and-twenty years ago. This I take rather hard. One expects changes in the looks of one's acquaintances and friends, even if their countenances have not been changed entirely and they sent away. No one can approach the me dieval period—the mezzo cammin—of life and not feel the force of one of jolly Captain Morris's "Reaof life and not

sons for Drinking:"

sons for Drinking:

"There's many a lad I have loved is dead,
And many a lass grown old;
And when this lesson strikes my head,
My weary heat trows cold."

But the face of Nature one depends upon seeing always the same, or with only varying expressions of beauty. But the changes here are for the worse, and not for the better, since my eyes first opened on

And I do not here speak of the industrious efforts which men (the nasty brutes!) have made to spoil it, and which have been crowned with a reasonable share of success. I don't mean the cutting down of the trees, the walk through which on the British side made so fitting an approach to the great spectacle, though that is bad enough. Nor yet the obspectacle, though that is bad enough. Nor yet the observatories, and museums, and tea-gardens and cakeshops, and shows of various kinds, which strive to make the Cataract only a bigger kind of wild beast to be shown for two York shillings, children half price. But the aspect of the Falls themselves is changed, and not for the better. In the first place, the loss of Table Rock is a great miss. It made so fine a frame to the magnificent picture, and was so imposing an object in itself that no one who has seen the ring an object in itself, that no one who has seen the Falls with that addition can ever look upon them with the same eyes without it. Then, again, the shape of the Falls, on both sides, is perceptibly altered. When I first saw them, I will perceptibly altered. When I first saw them, I will not say how long ago, the Horse-shoe Fall icas a Horse-shee. The curve was perfect and most graceful in its ontline. Now a great piece has fallen out of the center, which makes it angular instead of curvilinear. And on the American side, too, a a great nick has dropped down, breaking the straight line of that fall, which contrasted so finely with the sweep of the other. Still, I would not be understood sweep of the other. Still, I would not be understood as disparaging the value of the Falls as they stand now. Persons seeing them for the first time will find it hard to believe that they ever could have been better than they are. I greatly rejoice in what is left of them, only I am glad to have their picture as it hangs up in my mind's gallery as when I first put it there. I am far from agreeing with a friend of ours, after seeing Tivoli and Termi and those other Italian and Swiss fellows, that it is nothing other Italian and Swiss fellows, that it is nothing but "a great, fat, clumsy, overgrown, vulgar water-

To see Niagara aright, one should make a deliber ate stay on both sides of the river. Merely crossing over in the ferry-boat or driving round by the Suspension Bridge is not enough to give one that feeling of familiarity and intimacy which residence imparts Travelers almost always prefer the side on which they stay, for the very sufficient reason that they see the most of it. But a truly catholic spirit should embrace both sides of the river, as if it were a philosophy, and not deviate into bigotry on either of of them. But it is my notion that the British side is the one, and the Chiton House the point of view. frem which to take the first look at the Falls, whether for the first or the twentieth time. The whole picture is there before you in its entirety, and you take in its proportions and settle it in your mind, and are then better fitted to examine its details at leisure, after the first emotion of wonder and delight has past by. And it is a great comfort to have the has past by. And it is a great command without leaving spectacle always at your command without leaving the house, and from the time you open your eyes in the house, and from the time you open your eyes in the morning till night shuts in the scene. It is a great addition to the breakfast-table, let me tell you, to be able to say to the waiter when he takes your

point of view, wrapped in such a dream of beauty as is ever there. No siesta was ever invented to equal it. But, then, on the other hand, the exquisite beauties of Goat Island and its magic girdle of rapids and cataracts it takes days to take in.

But you know all this well enough, and so does everybody else, so we will let it go. I did intend giving you my notions on the Western cities and country I passed through, after leaving St. Louis, particularly Chicago and Detroit. But I have no space, had I anything fresh to say. Chicago, with space, had I anything fresh to say. Chicago, with its stores vieing with the finest in New-York or Boston is splendor, and its private houses matching the Fifth Avenue and Walnut street in extent and expherance of architecture, and with its streets black and alive with business, is an astonishment when one knows what an exhalation of the night it is. But truth compels me to say that it is an unsavory exhalation. Its odor is not good. If you insist on my expressing my precise idea of it in curt Saxon nketh. But so does Venice, for the matter of that. I will tell you the elements that made up the grand composite stench in which it was my privilege to sleep the first night I was there. there was the smell of paint; secondly, of sew-ers of the worst kind-or rather what would be sewers if they had any: thirdly, of gas, which seemed not only to have the run of the house, but the freedom of the entire city, such was the perfect looseness with which it went abroad and exaited itself; fourthly, of camphene in my lamp, which complicated the horror of my situation by the possibility of its exploding and blowing me to the only place where the smells could be worse; and, fifthly and lastly, of the wick of the camphene lamp, which smoked past my power of cure, as I was afraid to touch it. Verily, it was a e mpound of smells which Falstaff would have been justified in calling villainous. But the Chicagians (or whatever they call themselves) will amend all this an seen as they can stop a moment to take breath from making money. As they now have no time to breathe, it is the less matter about the air. Indeed, to do them justice, they are now raising the level of their streets at a great expense, so as to make drainage pessible. My blessing and best wishes attend them in their virtuous undertaking. As it is now, I give you my honor that your streets are a first section. nosegay to theirs. BYLES.

FROM BOSTON.

From Our Own Correspondent. Boston, Friday, June 19, 1857.

For some reason or other, THE TRIBUNE'S Boston correspondence seems to be a perennial source of hot water in Massachusetts. During the last three years I do not think a week has passed without an attack from some quarter upon your pestilent collaborateurs here. These flattering and pleasant attentions used to be directed chiefly to your Occasional Correspondent, Mr. Byles. Some of our Hunker newspapers, when they got exceedingly riled by his gibes, were accustomed to designate him as a hyena and a ghoul. Owing to their natural want of discrimination, they seldom were able to distinguish between your Occasional and your Own Correspondent, and therefore the delicate compliments which they meant for Mr. Byles were not unfrequently vented upon me, by whom they were not at all deserved. Now, however, I am happy to say, I am constantly receiving these touching little tokens of regard on my own original acthem as my cwn property, and not that of your Oc-

casional Correspondent. The Worcester Spy, a country paper of which I have had occasion to make mention to you once or twice lately, unmindful of the gratitude it ought to feel for being gratuitously advertised in THE TRI-BUNE, declares that I am utterly unworthy of the position of your correspondent; that "the Republican cause and the Kepublican party in this State "have suffered not a little by the credence that has "here given" to my "roorbacks;" and that, in thort, in the elegant language of Mr. Bird, I am "one of the meanest of the miserable flunkies that fawn upon Governor Gardner, in the hope that thrift may follow fawning." In another article it exclaims, alluding to the Republican State Conven-

"Oliver was one of the foremost in the swit "Oliver was one of the foremost in the swindle of last year—one of the chief conspirators in that infamous scheme of wire-pulling which then disorganized the Republican party, and placed the State again under a new term of Know Nothing misrule, and it is not to be wondered at that he should be found again with sortie of his old associates, laboring to relight; the darklantern candle; but he is a poor tool any way, and such dirty jobs have a peculiar attraction for him."

I quote these things, not because what The Horcester Spy may say of me is of any consequence, but because I wish to give the Massachusetts readers of THE TRIBUNE an opportunity to judge for themselves of the value of the statements which are current among the faction by whom Mr. Banks is so violently assailed, and of whom The Worcester Spy is the chief organ. Your readers know, of course, that from the beginning I have steadfatsly opposed the Know-Nothings in my correspondence, and that of all the men whom I have had occasion rem time to time to mention in my letters. Gov. Gardner is the one of whom I have spoken with Gardner is the one of whom I have spoken with most severity. The illoreceter Spy knows perfectly well that I am no friend to Gov. Gardner, and that I am not and never have been a Know-Nothing, or disposed to countenance Know-Nothingism. But it is on reckless and impudent slanders of this sort that it relies to effect the division of the Republican party, at which it is aiming. Its attacks on me are only a small part of a general system of calumny nly a small part of a general system of calumny and denunciation, of which Banks, Wilson and Bur-

Not content with its own scurrility, The Worcester Spy to-day prints a letter three columns long from Mr. Bird, devoted entirely to your correspondent Mr. Bird, devoted entirely to your correspondent Oliver. The letter is amusing, because Mr. Bird is in a passion, and a man in a passion is though a musing to the cool observer. The main portion of it is devoted to a refutation of what Mr. Bird calls my lies, fictious and mendacious specifications. I see but one thing in it that needs notice. In one of my latters a few weeks are I wright to you the Mr. letters, a few weeks ago, I wrote to you that Mr. Bird "in 1854 attempted to organize a free Demo"cratic party in opposition to Wilson, who was
"then the Republican Candidate for Governor." Not remembering that we had a Republican party in Massachusetts in 1854, and that Wilson was that year its candidate for Governor, and supposing that I had made a mistake you altered my letter by substituting 1855 for 1854, and Rockwell for Wilson. I observed it at the time, but did not call your atten-tion to it, because every one in Massachusetts who is interested in such matters was aware that the last Free Democratic Convention was held in 1854, and not in 1855, and could therefore make the necessary correction. But as Mr. Bird complains of the statement it is but justice to him to say that it was a u.istake, though not my mistake. He says in his

ment it is but justice to him to say that it was a mistake, though not my mistake. He says in his letter to The Spy that your correspondent Oliver

"Knews that I was 'an original Rockwell man' that I advocated his nemination before the Worcester Convention; that, accepting to my ability, no man worked harder than I did to secure his nomination at Worcester, and no man worked harder to elect him. He knows that I first proposed The 'Compagn Republican, receiving from the Republican State Committee nothing but their permission to issue it' under their direction; and that I edited, published and circulated it at my own expense, receiving only \$100 from the 'Trustees of the Freedom Fund, and some small sums from other sources, and that I am to-day some \$400 to \$500 out of pocket in the operation."

All this is strictly true. No man in the State has been more liberal of his money or of his personal services in behalf of the Anti-Slavery party than Mr. Bird—a fact, however, which does not justify his present evil course, though it very properly mitigates the indignation with which that course is viewed by the sensible portion of the party. The

viewed by the sensible portion of the party. The extraordinary frenzy which prompts him to denounce and vilify clo political and personal friends is a source of sorrow more than of anger to those who a source of sorrow more than of anger to those who remember him in his better days, and know what admirable qualities of head and heart are obscured by indulgence in suspicious and jealousies which have no bosis except in his excited imagination.

The most diverting part of Mr. Bird's letter is his apparent surprise that I or anybody else should have seen any reason for comparing him in the

have seen any reason for censuring him in the news-papers. Like the man in the Western story he has

amazement as if some terrible outrage had been committed. For months after he had assailed me personally in The Spy, in the grossest and most unprovoked manner, I made no reply to him until I found that his scanda-lous calumnies upon Banks, Wilson, Burlingame lous calumnies upon Banks, Wilson, Burlingame and other eminent Republicans were beginning to have a detrimental effect upon the party, simply from not being contradicted. I then thought it was time to put Mr. Bird on the defensive—politically, not personally, for personally I have spoken of him only with kindness. So eld a combatant should not cry out at so slight a hurt. But enough of Mr. Bird. Let me finish by copying for your edification a personal sketch which he draws of myself. After describing me as "a waif threwn up from some un-"known region." "a literary jackal, with a pliable "and ready pen." "a political harlequin, by turns "Garrisonian Abolitionist, Free Soiler Coalitionist, "and that most abject of all position hybrids, a "Jack Know-Nothing"—(abject is a favorite epithet with Mr. Bird) he concludes thus:

"Smooth, service and sycophantic before superior orneular and dogmatic among equals, patronizing as supercilious toward inferiors, with an imagination fo supercilions toward inferiors, with an imagination fertile in facts, and a memory well stored with wit, with
fair abilities, and with such superficial cramming as his
indelent habits allow, he makes a show of respectable
attainments. He knows considerable, and pretends to
know everything that he don't know. With these
characteristics, added to some genial qualities of a
sensual and vulgar cast, he has gained admission into
respectable circles, where he picks up information
which is of service to him a his avecation of pennyathere. He deserves credit for having raised binself to iner. He deserves credit for having raised husself even this equivocal position but it is to be regrette though not to be wondered at, that he should have brought up with him the meaters of the 'Cossucks and the morals of a 'Jesuit.'

There: After that, I shall no longer allow Mr.

Byles to exult over me, and exalt his horn because he has been called a byens and a ghoul. Hyersa and ghoul are very well in their way; but what are they compared with being returned for coarseness of manners by that pink of politeness, Mr. Francis W. Bird of Walpole? You would burst with W. Bird of Walpole laughter if you knew the man and his manners.
OLIVER.

THE COMING ELECTION IN MASSACHUSETTS. To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribung.

Siz: The Tribune cannot afford to misrepresent the Anti-Know-Nothing Republicans of Massachusetts any more than they can afford to be misrepresented by it. I desire, therefore, the opportunity to say that a portion of the recent regular correspondence of THE TRIBUNE from Boston contains many incorrect statements, among which I will specify only the assertion relative to the secret league of ultra Republicans to put down Wilson, Basks and Burlingame. No such league has ever been formed, and the entire statement is without foundation in fact.

Why should THE TRIBUNE take the side of the men who for three years past have so successfully abored to prevent the formation of a National Republican party, in harmony with the Republican party of New-York and of the Union? THE TRIBUSE is not a Roow Nothing paper. It has no sympathy with the dectrines or management of that party. One of its chief claims to the support of the true men of the Nerth, consists in the fact that it has steadily opposed this mischievous political heresy. Why should it also this mischievous political heresy. Why should it allow any of its correspondents to misrepresent the thirty or forty thousand voters here who are trying to place Massachusetts alongside of New-York; and side with those who are for keeping up the alliance with the Know-Nothings and thas maintaining that organization of the Khow-Nothings and thas manaming and object ization? The men who oppose the nomination of Mr. Banks are, substantially, those who were in favor of making a nomination at Worcester last year, but were overslaughed by a Know-Nothing mob from a neighboring hall, and undermined and corrupted by snother mob, of Congressmen, eager for a re-election, headed by Mr. N. P. Banks himself. The Tenexy lately styled Governor Gardner of this A re-election, headed by Air, N. P. Banks himself.
The Tribune lately styled Governor Gardner of this
State a "scamp." Nobody who knows him will complain of the occuracy of this description, though I observe that The Boston Courier objects to it on the
secre of good taste. To whom are the people of the
State indebted for the present Gubernatorial term of
his Excellency ! To Mr. N. P. Banks, more than to his Excellency? To Mr. N. P. Banks, more than to any other man. He kept us from nominating a man last year who would have beaten him out of sight; and if he could have had his way, the Republican nomina-

last year who would have beaten him out of sight; and if he could have had his way, the Republican nomination would have been conferred outright upon Gov. Gardner. The pretense for this policy was that it would help Fremont in other Northern States. I will not argue this matter, for The Tribuyse has already expressed a very decided and a very just opinion of the policy of Mr. Banks during the campaign. His conduct at the Woreceier Convention was of a piece with his temporizing course in the beginning of the canvass. If it is desirable to go into the Presidential contest of 1860, with a divided opposition to the Slave Democracy, instead of a united opposition, why then let the people and the politicians encourage the continuated of the Know-Nothing party in the political field. The experiment of 1856 will then be repeated with probably more dia satrous raults. The policy pursued by Mr. Banks and those who followed him latyear, and who now advocate his nomination for the office of Governor of Massachusetts, is calculated, if not intended, to policy were fremont's defeat is mainly due. It is an in the sement for them to maintain their newspapers, Geir Committees, their clubs, their folly and their fummery. If they, a mere insignificant fraction of the people, can be so recognized as a political power that they can be justified in claiming half the places in the gift of the people, they will, of course, rower that they can be justified in claiming half the bases in the gift of the people, they will, of course, keep themselves in as good political condition as possible. The confidence of the people has long ago been withdrawn from them; but no party is so wretchedly forsaken that it cannot muster men enough to receive all the offices which our State Government has to give. The Know-Nothing party in this State has been kept alive the last year solely by the patronage which Gov. Gardner has been able to distribute among its leaders. It would have been dead long ago—Gardner himself would have been dead long ago—Gardner himself would have hastened to abandon it—if it had not been kept in being by Mr. Barks and his followers.

Well, perhaps this was a mistake; but is Mr. Barks, who is undeniably popular with a large class of the community, to suffer from its consequences forever? No: not if he is in any better position this year than he was last. The last public declaration of his position as to party organizations, so far as I know, came from him on the 27th of October last, when he accepted the nomination of the Fremont Know-Nothings for Congress. He said to them:

"I accept the nomination of the Fremont Know-Nothings for Congress. He said to them:

"I accept the nomination which is so generously offered me with gratitude. My obligations to those with whom you act do not commence with this new proof of your generous confidence; so well my endeavor to satisfy their just expectations at such this had not only the prominent questions at issue between the several great political parties of the day, made by me during the last Congress, and also during the seasons of the present congress, for my war views of public affairs. To those I me, as then, schere.

This language shows a sufficiently good understanding with the Know-Nothing party, and the pledge to laces in the gift of the people, they will, of course

of public sfairs. To hose I as w, as then, elhere."

This language shows a sufficiently good understanding with the Know-Nothing party, and the pledge to cooperate with them is much more cordial than that which he gave to the Convention of Republicans, whose nomination he accepted at the same time. Nothing has occurred since Oct. 27 to show that Mr. Banks means to disceurage the Know-Nothing organization. The events of the last two or three weeks, as every intelligent observer must have noticed, show that he is still disposed to pursue the same policy. I do not know that he is to be blamed for it. Having been chosen to Congress twice, and to the Speakership once, by means of it, he may be excused for supposing it the best method that can be devised for political success. But those who believe that the disaping it the best method that can be devised for political success. But those who believe that the disappearance of the Know-Nothing party would be the most useful political event possible, and cheaply bought even at the expense of the entire disappearance of Mr. Banks from political life, have a right to their own opinion, and to the use of the best methods to make it felt, without being classed by The Tata-UNE with disunionists and office-seekers.

I was annued by your consequences.

I was amused by your correspondent's reply to the charge of "selling out" to Gov. Gardner. It was reacable and racy. I can hardly hope that any part of my letter will prove so entertaining. But you must be aware that "selling out" is a convenient and very purpose term for any political transaction in which one be aware that "selling out" is a convenient and very proper term for any political transaction in which one man engages for the benefit of himself and at the expense of the people or the mass of his party. It was properly enough applied to Fillmore and his retainers who "seld" the country to Buchanan and the Slave Power. It is not necessary to show, or even to suppose, that any actual bargain was made, negotiations interchanged, writings drawn, or conversations entered upon. It your correspondent supposes that he makes a correct representation when he says that there are any persons who accuse Mr. Banks of "selling himself to Gevernor Gardiner," he is very much mistaken. Whatever bargains Mr. Banks has are any persons who accuse Mr. Banks of "selling himself to Gevernor Gardiner," be is very much mistaken. Whatever bargains Mr. Backs has made, have been dictated by a regard for Mr. Backs rather then for the Governor. I am not going to say that considerations of public and party interest have not also entered into his calculations but it is the origin of those who have order, "Let me see! yes: a cup of black tas, unittor chop, dry toxat, a slice of Goat Island and
"the whole of the American Fall." This last relish
is furnished merely by seating you opposite the windows and opening the blinds. And after dinner it
s delicious to sit on the upper pasza, in the precise

The Tribuse, he rears with herror and

Cave the Republican countries into his calculations but it is the opinion of these who have
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have, to in a very methodical way, I confess, have, to be a very merical and have done so mainly for the puryose of setting The Tribush and its readers right as to the motives and methods of a large class of Republicans of Massachusetts, who have been misrepresented in the recent letters of your Roston correspondent.

Roston June 18, 1887.

FROM WESTERN NEW-YORK.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune. LOCKPORT, N. Y., June 19, 1857.

People have not ceased to discuss the comet. Considerable interest is expressed concerning the habits, movements and designs of the celestial lien, but I do not discover that he is very popular. I have not found many sensible people confessing to the belief that this is the flaming sword which is to end the earth at a slash; serious charges, however, are made against the eccentric visitor. He is thought to be medal-some in our affairs. We would like him better f he weak ld leave us alone, and go about his business. Listenia g to an old farmer's deletial account of the mysters us loss of yearling cattle, I inquired what he considered the cause of it. cattle, I inquired what he consist red the cause of the "Don't know," he replied. "Fig ose it may be the comet." The widow White set a goose upon thirteen eggs; it was a respectable and prudent goose, and the good woman assured me that she (the goose) attended faithfully to her sixing. "I could n't for attended mithfully to her sixing. I could n't for the life of me tell why them eggs dic'n't hatch; but new I'm sartin it must be the comat." eggs and a goose's valuable time to your account, Sir Comet ' Mr. Smith, who has had sickness in his family this season, asked me if I thought the comet had a malign influence upon children, and if there was any known antidote against it.

You may laugh at these as exceptional cases, the results of superstition. But the weather? the cold season—the interminable rains—June now, and no Spring this year—has the comet any subt.'e influence in the matter? The most sober-minded people think him somehow responsible. For my part, I have a dealet: and were Mr. Comef brought into court to deabt; and were Mr. Comet brought me coars or plead guilty or not guilty to the charges against him, were I one of the Jury, I sheald give him the ben-efit of that doubt. We have two theories to account for the rains, in both of which he is impli-cated. Perhaps our wise Mother Earth stands in fear of a strike from the fiery youngster, and she is saturating her surface as a precautionary measure. I hope she feels herself fire-proof by this time. Or I am not sure but the thing has already made a longe at the Pacific Ocean, and we are having the raised, condensing steam.

But in spite of the comet, in spite of cold, raw weather, and much wet, the routine of nature goes on—punctually comes the Summer, the birds sing the same old song, again the cattle feed in the pastures, geese's eggs have not failed utterly, gostings survive, and sport as of old by the waterside. tation came forth more richly dark and flush. shaggy magnificence of these grand old woods cannot be excelled. Crops are late, but their youth is full of promise. Thick and beautiful grows the Spring barley, superbly waves the tall rve; you can almost hear the rush and rustle of the growing grass.

Western New-York is one of the finest wheat-growing countries in the world. I remember when farmers made immense calculations and restee almost their hopes of a happy future upon this crep. The young man walked out by his fields of a Sabbath morning, and saw the waving grain—a sen upon which his life's fortunes were embarked. Lit tle else was thought of: corn, potatoes, sats, were cultivated as an immediate necessity, to feed the stock or the family, and to afford relief to the over-taxed cil. The questions upon meeting always were 'How does wheat look down your way?" or " How much wheat are you putting in this Pall But nature reschts excesses, and sent the weevi The farmer found his ambition a prey to this inexorable insect. No art or vigilance avails against the destroyer. It was like cutting off his right hand. But what seems ill fortune, often proves good fortune; and I am not sure but in the end as much benefit as harm will result from the makign visitation. There is no longer an exclusive and ruinous cultivation of one crop. The nature and resources of soils are studied, and rich varieties of products spot the land. Horticulture, so long negproducts spot the land. Hortredutir, so sage use lected, is receiving judicious attention—in my opinion one of the most delightful, healthful, spiritualizing branches of industry. Grape culture proves successful experiment. Rocky soils, mult for a successful experiment. planting or sowing, are discovered to be full of won-derful juices, which have only to pass through the fibres and stalk of the vine, to astonish you by their richness and flavor.

Returning to this region, the country of my boy

heed, after long absence, I feel an exhitaration at sight of its changes. I never regret the past, when the present is happier or better. I have no wish to restore the old school-house, where I made the acquaintance of Cicero and Euclid, nor to return a quaintance of Cicero and Euclid, nor to ceturn a young master to the "district" where I taught cyphering and geography, and boarded around. Lockport has grown within ten years. It has now about 12,000 inhabitants—double what it had then. It is a fine, rude, busy uncultivated, ambitious place. It has just the kind of soil which plews up into dreadful ruts and mud, when rain and travel come tegether. The principal streets are macadamized, but a short distance out of town you come upon almost impassable roads. The plank-road speculation proves a failure, al-although this is the country where it should succeed, if anywhere. The world's phase of religion flourishes. The churches are the town's ornaments. The English style of church architecture is in vogue—the half Gothic, the massive, low, corner tower and unsheltered bell, and the modest turnets. The fire-proof metalic roof, seems foolish and inadequate surmounting the solid masonry. Lightning and fire have proved singularly destructive of houses of wor-ship in this place. People have taken those disas-ters as hints to build safer and better, and to construct lightning rods. There is emulation among the sects. The new Congregational Church shows a sects. The new Congregational Church shows a formidable range of port-holes commanding the new Methodist Church opposite, as if ready at any time to rake it with a broadside.

Lockport has a tremendous mid-power, and we grind grain here for Canada and the West. The race draws its water from the canal, which falls here, as you have through five locks. They have the part through five locks.

race draws its vater from the canal, which lates here, as you know, through five locks. These locks are a romantic and attractive feature. I remember, when a boy, watching for hours the progress of boats up and down these colossal stairs. The dashing cataracts, the spouting, foam-white shafts of water, the boiling and rushing, the boats litted impetuously, the boats in the dashing cataracts. the boiling and rushing, the boats litted impetuously or let swingingly down, the opening and shutting of the gates—all so wonderful. This portion of the canal has been of but little practical service so far this season. Repeated breaks have ruined navigation. The work of widening is carried on in Winter, the banks are badly constructed of mixed frozen soils, and when Spring comes, and the water is let in, the unsettled soils are easily swept away. Railroad compunies are lengitted; and it is said, foolishly enough, I benefitted; and it is said, foolishly enough, I magine, that they have indirectly a hand in producing the breaks. A single shovel at night may give e canal water such a start as will result in a racet disastrous tearing away of embankments bafore herning.

Lockport has its aristogracy, like every large vil-

lace: gentility and fashion are worshiped deities.
We laugh at the abourd costumes of other latids; but to see folly and absurdity, our ladies need not look beyond the hoop of their own horizon. Here likewise prevails the fig-leaf bonnet, which only does not leave the head quite naked, but covers what not leave the head quite naked, but covers what phrenologists call the region of amativeness. For phrenologists can the region of rindresses. For my part, I sm willing to part company with the fishionable and genteel, and to find myself for a senson among the strong, honest "middle classes," who sit with their servants at table, use steel forks, and cat with their knives.

THE GREAT DELUGE IN ITHACA.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

This town was vesteriary visited by the coost destructive food that ever came upon it from the many streams that pour their waters into the basin of the Cayuga Lake. The rain of yesterday has a deluga. The waters of the Six Mile Creek, gainered from the many hill-sides, brought with their trees unshorn of roots of branches, sweeping away has log boom of the Giles Sawmill Pond, about one mile above this village, and bringing down, by a rupture in the dam, the accumulated waters of the pood as well as the large stock of logs socured by the boom. The dam of

the Halsey grist will gave way, and poured the confined waters of his second mill pond into the already

fined waters of his savelength of the swellen stream.

The waters, with a terrible energy, awapt off the whole line of buildings upon the sank of this creek, and flooded nearly the entire town.

The stack of chimneys and outside arrangements for the large steam engine of the Halsey grist mhi was carried away. Their barn, already surrounded by water and far cut in the stream, was awept off, with its occupants, four horses and four men. The horses and the men, as they parted from the building, straggied for the shore, and the struggle was awfully exciting among such a mighty whiri of piled-up waters. Some of the men and herses were carried with the fabric, crumpled into a shapeless mass, through the contracted arch of a stone bridge, and took a fearful plunge below, and, strange to say, a man and horses passed through unharmed. One horse reached a mile below, alive. One young man, Matthew Carpenter, has not been heard from. He is drowned, of course. Presently the massive stone arch spanning the stream Presently the massive stone arch spanning the stream gave way, and the human beings, precipitated many feet into the waters so mad with confinement and flightful in their rage, renewed the struggle for life they had just seen their fellows make, and with an

frightful in their rage, fenewed the struggs for the they had just seen their feilows make, and with an earrestness as dreadful.

Mr. Moses Reeves, Daguerrean artist, that buoyed up by a floating timber, was seen to ride high above the surface, with portions of his body, for a distance, then, struck by a log he disappeared, and to his friends were lost; but by a strange good fortune he states that he emerged some rods below, clinging with a deathgrasp to his float. Onward he floated, among the wrecks of buildings and a furious surf, and saw a fellow sufferer in the same rapid current. Mr. David Coon, gunsmith, who clutched with him the float, and clung to it till he was struck off by a floating timber. At 11 or lock in the night Mr [Reeves reached dry land about one and a half miles from his place of starting. He states that two other persons he saw go down. He never afterwards saw them.

During this time the extensive morocco factory and tannerty of Samuel Stoddart, at the cast end of the

He never afterwards saw them.

During this time the extensive morocco factory and tannery of Samuel Steddart, at the east end of the arched bridge, and the dwelling of James Glass, at the west end; portions of the beams of the Farmers Hotel, Wheex slivery stable, and other smaller buildings in the vicinity; the entire livery stables and bains of James Cowles; the hat shop and and buildings of J. S. Tickener, a portion of Mr. E. S. Esty's tannery, the scharce tactery of H. G. Grant, the distillery, the scharce tactery of H. G. Grant, the distillery, the bains of the Forest City House, had tumbled with a crash and been swept off by the dood. Files of buildings racked to viceces and logs had formed batticates in frost of dwellings on Cayuga street, where it runs parable with the creek. The stream becoming block of up, a branch torked out, plonghing a channel among the dwellings in the vicinity, whose aftrighted inmate wharried through the rapids for dear life. A number of men, women and children climbed for safety a tree standing near the former bank of the creek. Darkness closed upon them. The planging waters approached the tree. All cocaped to an island and spent the night in aftery in the wreck of Moore sash and blind factory, except Mr. Hawley, brawer, who was swept down the current. His wife heard his farewell to her as he swept past his dwelling in the darkness. The mocaning found him far out upon the march, and this afterneon the coroner holds his inquest upon his lifeless rarpse.

Adown the main street of the village the water rushed from the bursting banks of the unruly creek full up to the gambrel joints of horses. It spread out over large positions of the town. The plank of the main street is corded up high. Here the ancient sell below the gravel is in furrews exposed; there, instead of furrows, a depect it is made of oil from some far off farmers' lands. Very many get noticed by some marring stroke of this unfinently flood. But Mr. Stoddard, the Messrs, Halsey, the Cayuga division of the Susquehanna Ka

A CONSTABLE MURDERED-HIS SUP-POSED ASSASSIN ARRESTED.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

PHILADELPHIA, June 21, 1857. Last evening about 10 o'clock, a serious disturbance took place in a small alley, known as Carberry's Court, running from Christian street, below Fifth, which resulted in the stabbing of Edward Muldoon, Constable of the Third Ward, and from which he died about I o'clock this morning at the Pennsylvania

Constable of the Third Ward, and from which he died about I o'clock this morning at the Pennsylvania Hospital.

It appears that a wan named James Diamond, said to have arrived in this city on board the United States frigate Jamestown, and several other men, got into a fight in the upper end of Carberry court, and at a place where it was quite dark. The noise made by these rowdies was so great that crowds of persons flocked from around the neighborhood to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, among whom was Mr. Muldoon, the Constable. None of the Mayor a officers being on the spot to quell the disturbance, Mr. M. ushed into the crowd to separate the combatants, and while engaged in this duty was stabbed in the lower part of his stomach. The wounded man made known his condition, and several of his friends assisted him to the drug store of Mr. Jameson at Third and Catharine streets. Dr. Heritage was called in, but he soon discovered that the wound was very deep and likely to prove fatal, and by his (the Doctor's) advice, Muldoon was taken to the Pennsylvania Hospital, where he lingered ingreat pain until about I o'clock this morning, when death put an end to his sufferings.

The excitement in the vicinity of the assassination was most intense, and in a few minutes after the fatal deed was committed Officer Carson and a posse of men arrived, and succeeded in capturing Diamond, who, it is alleged, inflicted the wound. A shoemaker's knife, with bland on it, was found near the place where Muldoon was stabhed, and it is alleged that Diamond was seen with such a weapon in his possession a few minutes before the row commenced.

The accusad was locked up in the Station-House in the Second Police Listrict, and this morning was taken before Alderman Carter, when the facts, as given above, were testified to. He was then committed to await the action of the Coroner's Jary, which will thoroughly investigate the matter to-day.

IS THE LAW CONSTITUTIONAL.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

Siz: I have followed the business of robbing and stealing for about ten or twelve years, and during that time I have been arrested some, fifty times, and have paid the pensity by lying in prison just as long as the Judge thought proper to send me. In this I never dreamed that I was unlawfully arrested or imprisoned and consequently made no realstance; but henceforth I intend to resist, and will not be arrested until the contitutionality of that law is decided; and I will get all the persons who are following the businesss that I am to back me. Yours, ONE OF THE BOYS.

New York, June 29, 1857.

New York. June 29, 1857.

LETTER FROM COL. BYSTOS ON THE ELECTION OF GOVERNOR.—A friend residing in the western part of the State sends us the following extract from a letter written by Col. Benton on the subject of the contest for Governor, now pending in Missouri. Although the letter is a private one, yet as Col. Benton states expressly that it is not for "concealment," we take the liberty of giving the following extract:

[Sc. Louis Democrat.

liberty of giving the following extract:

(S. Louis Democrat.

"Washins Grox Grax, May 21, 1857.

"Col. H. B. Branch. Dear Sur. The pressure of my occupations prevented me from remaining at 8t. Louis long enough to receive your letter of the 11th, but finding it here, I knower it to say to you what I said to all friends at St. Louis that between Rollins and Stewart I consider the public interest and the interest of the Union Democracy to require the election of Rollins. He is a Union man, against multifectation and multiferr—against the multimeation resolutions passed by the Missouri Legislature in 1849, against the cooperation therein promised to the South in its accession scheme, against agitation then and now on the Savery question—and every way a better Democrat than Stewart."

Assains in Texas.—Our regular Texas mail is at hard from all parts of the State as late as due. The people of Galveston Island complain bitterly of the drouth. The same complaints were beginning to be made in the eastern counties, where the want of rain

made in the eastern counties, where the want of rain was seriously affecting the crops.

The Marshall Republican says there was never a better prospect for an abundant yield of wheat, corn and cotton in that section.

The Richmond Reporter gives a glowing description of a cotton-field of thirty acres in full bloom.

The Guiveston Circlian states that over two hundred hands are now at work on the Mexican Guif and Henderson Railrond, commencing at permanent navigation on Pine Island Bayon, Jefferson county, where the best of timber abounds.

f timber abounds.

The Neuces Valley farmers complain of the drouth, The Neuces Valley larmers companied the acount, but crops are in a forward and promising state.

The Gonzales Enquirer says cotton is in bloom in different parts of that county. The Columbia Democraticities says the great staple is rapidly developing in that section. The boils are large, healthy, and full of

rection. The boils are large, healthy, and the promote of the victoria Advecate is jubilant over the prospects of a rich crop of apples and pears in that section. The fruit is nearly grown. The Advecate adds: "From what we have seen and been able to learn of these delicious fruits in Texas, we have so doubt that this climate is peculiarly adapted to the production of pears; and that apples, of the right kind and with proper attention, may be also successfully cultivated bere."